



## Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact [support@jstor.org](mailto:support@jstor.org).

# CHARLES DICKENS: A TRIBUTE

BY AGNES LEE.

---

WHO is the little quiet London drudge  
Plodding at eve through mist and misery,  
Warming his heart at the world's flickering fire?  
Who is the young recording wanderer,  
Threading, at some rare hour of liberty,  
The dim and narrow windings of the town,  
Where men and women pass and go their ways,  
Unconscious pictures of an art to be,  
And heeding not the ever-heedful boy?

'Tis he who liveth in our midst to-day,  
If heaven accord us worthiness to know  
The radiant spirit shining o'er our threshold,  
Spirit immortal, childlike, of a man  
Who won the world with laughter and with tears,  
Whose pen, a sounding arrow, pierced the core  
Of evil and awoke a race from slumber  
To look with seeing eyes upon oppression.

Strong to draw healing from the haunts of pain,  
From out the festering dark of circumstance  
He freed the little unextinguished lights.  
Brave to find beauty's form in all, he spied  
The blade of grass between the grimy cobbles.  
His home the crowded street, the intricate byway,  
Where he might lose or gain his fancy's creatures,  
His soul went forth, and, filled with plot and plan  
And weft of dreams that waited to be woven,  
Sought life's enigma, knew the subtle charm  
That lingers in a melancholy stair  
Forgotten feet have pressed, a moldering wall,  
A window touched by myriad unseen hands.

Humanity was knocking at his heart.  
He flung it wide and showed the waiting store:  
A brook for sorrow's thirst, a loaf for hunger,  
A flowering staff for honor's deep emprise.  
Attuning every note to life's one music,  
Whether a tremulous delight, or sound  
Of minted coin that falleth upon stone,  
He wrought in kingly power to achieve  
Triumph of mercy and defeat of malice.  
Dear master, still he lives, who laid his hand  
With such a tenderness upon his time,  
He lives, with kindly ridicule and love  
To fight the buzzing fads of this our day,  
And feed the sacred amphora of truth!

The pageant moves. The pictures are unblurred.  
How in a chain of changes they survive!  
For, while humanity endures, the past  
Confronts us with the types of what we are.  
Lo, here amid the foremost, cometh Nell—  
Never a child, yet dear to every child—  
Fragile to bear her burden's loneliness,  
Giving the world the sweet of charity  
That varies not, though Time the burden vary.  
Tom Pinch is gazing upward from the crowd,  
And needs no aeroplane to reach the skies.  
Tigg Montague from out a steedless chariot  
Calleth his mandate to his liveried men,  
Nor careth what he rout, so he but hasten.  
The pageant moves. We watch the forms go by  
And know them every one, the gay, the weary,  
Sun in the shadow, shadow in the sun.

Ah! well are we whom solitude may bring  
To dwell within the living page, or we  
Who in the throb of some vast audience  
Are gathered to the glowing heart of genius,  
Genius whose wide hope led to heights afar,  
Whereof the song of fame was not life's all,  
Nor death but the applause that cuts a cadence.

AGNES LEE.